

The Spy Who Loved Me

by DCI

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Summary: Takeru Takashi, 007, is sent on a mission to recover a virus and its antidote. Along the way, he experiences love, death, and betrayal. (FYI: this is going to be the summary for each part.)

1. Default Chapter Title

Takeru crept along the dark hall. Grasping his gun in his left hand, he pulled out a gas grenade from his back pocket. He pulled out the pin and proceeded to roll it down the long hall. He heard a large hiss of gas. Takeru smiled. _Mission seems to be going as planned...maybe I WILL make it home for the ball. I hope so...if Koushiro's weather disrupter works...I'll be able to do it outside...instead of in.

>
 Takeru had been shocked when five days from Christmas Eve, M had ordered him to sneak into the Kamiya research facility in Arizona. He was told to download several documents onto a standard GENE disk and then to destroy the facility. Documents relating to a bomb known only as the "Yamachi 13." Knowing that Takeru was about to take a big step in MI6, Daisuke, his friend and fellow 00 agent, graciously offered to take the mission, but Takeru argued that he'd be the best for the job. And he was.

>
 _Creeping along the hall, he looked up at the label for the room. It read: **RESTRICTED AREA. AUTHORIZED PERSONEL ONLY.** He rested his hand on the door. _Security should be off by now._ Takeru braced himself and slowly opened the door.

>
 Takeru leaned into the doorway. Seeing no guards, he strolled into the lab. He put away his gun and pulled out a GENE disk. He slid it into the terminal. _I hate computers...this is what Koushiro's supposed to do!_ he thought to himself. A screen popped up. Takeru hit "Download." As it started to download, Takeru pulled out a C-4. He slapped it onto the main terminal. He checked the screen: _5...4...3...2...1...complete._ He pulled the disk out of the computer. Looking around one the lab one last time, he walked out of the lab to come face to face with a gun.

>
 Damn. he thought.

>
 "Mr. Takashi. What an...unpleasant surprise. Most of the

scientists are out this week. For Christmas vacation," the guard pulled back the hammer of the pistol, "I would have thought you would have been on vacation as well."

>
 "Obviously not," Takeru replied. Without warning, he violently kicked upward.

>
 "AHH!" the man shouted. Takeru thrust his fist into the guard's forehead. Takeru jabbed the man's gut. After the guard managed to regain his posture, he grabbed Takeru and proceeded to strangle him.

>
 "Hrrk..." Takeru stifled, gasping for air.

>
 Leaning close, the guard spit on Takeru and grunted, "We...do not appreciate 00 agents in this facility, Mr. Takashi."

>
 Takeru reached down to the knife hidden in his boot. He grasped onto the handle, pulled it out, and stabbed it into the guard's abdomen. The guard released Takeru. Takeru turned around and kicked his head. The alarm suddenly went off. _Damn...what do I do!?!_ He looked back and saw the lab door opened. _Aww, shit. _Thinking quickly, he pulled out a flash grenade.

>
 Takeru ran down the hall towards the glass window. He slapped it onto the window, making sure it stuck. _Thank God for adhesives,_ he thought. Dashing backwards, he picked up his gun and fired it. The bullet hit the grenade with a big flash. Coughing in the dust, he glanced behind himself. Three guards. Aiming his gun, he fired at them. He started to run backwards. He picked up the fallen guard's pistol and started firing both guns in his hands wildly. Seeing all three fall, he turned around and continued dashing towards the broken window.

>
 Takeru attached a small buckle to a handhold. He attached another buckle to his vest. He ran and jumped out the broken glass. The steel fiber rope suddenly released and slowed Takeru's fall. Finally he hit level ground. He unhooked the rope and ran away from the building. As he ran, Takeru glanced at his watch. _Thirty seconds,_ he thought to himself.

>
 Takeru looked up. A small cargo plane was sitting on the runway. A thought flashed through his mind. He quickened his pace.

>
 29...

>
 Several guards ran out of the facility. They started firing at him.

>
 28...

>
 Without looking back, he pulled out his gun and started firing madly at the pursuing guards.

>
 27...26...25...24...23...

>
 _Takeru reached the plane. He opened the door and jumped in. He searched around for the ignition key.

>
 22...21...20...

>
 _He found it under the dash board. Placing the key in the ignition, he fired up the plane.

>
 19...18...17...16...15...

>
 The plane cruised down the runway

>
 14...13...12...11...10...9...8...7...6...5...4...

>
 _The plane started to lift off the ground.

>
 3...

>
 _50 meters.

>
 2...

>
 150 meters.

>
 1..._

>
 500 meters.

>
 0.

>
 _ Boom.

>

The DCI presents...

>
 Takeru Takashi as Takeru Takashi 007

>
 in the Wanderer's

>
 **The Spy Who Loved Me

>
 **Starring

> Hikari Kamiya

> Taichi Kamiya as
 Taichi Kamiya

> Yamato Ishida as
 **Dr. Yamato Ishida

> Daisuke Motimiya as

> 006
 **and Jyou Kido as

> "M"

>

> <p>

The room was brightly lit. All across the floor, people were dancing to the melodic music. A giant chandelier made of crystal hung at the top of the ceiling. Koushiro's weather disrupter made the area around the building nice and cool...like a crisp autumn evening. It was the Izumi Annual Christmas Ball in London and everything seemed good and okay.

>
 Yamato Ishida started to worry. With Sora Ishida, his wife, he had flown over to England to be with Takeru for the ball. When he arrived, Yamato found out that Takeru was sent abruptly onto a mission to Arizona. Although he knew Takeru worked for MI6 as a 00 agent and that his job often interrupted his personal life, but Yamato never imagined that M would send Takeru off right before Christmas. So Yamato decided to prepare a surprise for when Takeru got home. But he was already a day late, and it made Yamato tense. _What if he's been hurt? _he thought to himself, irrationally, _What if something went wrong in his planned mission whatever it was? What if..._

>
 Yamato's thoughts were interrupted by a calm voice coming from behind him. "Take it easy, Yamato," Daisuke said, "Takeru'll be fine. He knows what he's doing." Yamato turned and forced a weak smile. In the back of his mind, Yamato knew that was true. Daisuke and Takeru were partners in crime, 006 and 007 respectively. They had worked on several missions together in the past. Takeru trusted him. Yamato knew that he should to. But he didn't. Seeing that Yamato was still terse, Daisuke motioned with his hand, "Come on. I'll get you a drink."

>

> At that same time...

>
 The sun beat hot on the back of Takeru's neck. He was at a small airstrip in a quaint little place called Somewhere, Texas.

More like Nowhere, Texas, if you ask me. In some way's, it was true. Somewhere, Texas was a small military base in the middle of nowhere. Halfway through his flight to Austin, Texas, he realized that his plane was nearly out of gas. Actually, it was out of gas and because of that, the plane started to fall. He jumped out of the plane and parachuted the rest of the way down. When he hit level ground, he started to walk off. By pure chance, he stumbled across the place.

>
 The commanding officer of Somewhere greeted Takeru with opened arms. Takeru explained that he was headed for Austin and then to England. The officer stated that they had a supply plane traveling the to Austin. It would be a fifteen minute trip and the officer stated that he would be more than happy to allow Takeru to fly on the way.

>
 And that was where he was now. He glanced at his watch. The plane was going to take off in fifteen minutes. Takeru walked to the plane and got in.

>

> Back at the ball...

>
 Koushiro looked around the ball room. He spotted Mimi Tachikawa sitting at a table looking lonely. He walked over to where she sat. When he got there, he took a few moments to observe her. _Christ,_ he thought, _she's beautiful. _Mimi was wearing a long, black skirt. It cut off right below her waistline and right above her chest. Her hair was tied up in a bun.

>
 "Ms. Tachikawa."

>
 Mimi jerked her head up. There she saw the roguishly handsome Koushiro Izumi. He had an amused look on his face. Koushiro definitely had changed a lot since the time in which the two of them were a part of the DigiDestined. For one, he had gotten much more handsome. He also had grown.

>
 From as far back as she could remember, to the time in which they called him "Izzy", he had always been short. Very short. Still short when she left for the Americas. When she came back, she didn't even recognize him. He was taller and had become very handsome. And now...now he was so appealing to her. With long muscular arms, arms which she wished she would be held in...sexy eyes...those wondrous lips...those...

>
 "Mimi?" Koushiro asked.

>
 Mimi jumped up, startled. She started to mumble, "Oh, um...hi...yah, that's right, hi...um...Koushiro..."

>
 He put two fingers over her lips, to silence her. She looked up at him. He extended his arm. "Would you care to dance, my lady?" he asked politely.

>
 She smiled. "Why, yes, good Sir, I would," she answered after she regained herself. Taking her arm into his, he pulled her up, and strolled across the floor.

>

> Nearly four hours later...

> Takeru woke up with a groan. For about four hours, he had been sleeping in the jet liner that was taking him to London. After dropping off the GENE disk at the rendezvous, he hopped on a plane and finally started flying to London.

>
 He looked over the window and smiled. He was flying over London right now. _I should be there in just a few minutes...I'll be with Daisuke, Yamato and Sora, Koushiro, Mimi...and Hikari..._

>

> Fifteen minutes later...

>
 Hikari sighed. Hikari couldn't handle it anymore. Her brother, Taichi, owned a multibillion dollar corporation and could have easily gotten her a plane ticket to Japan, but she graciously declined. He wanted to spend time with their mother. She wanted to spend time with Takeru. She loved her mother very much, but all she wanted to do was to be with Takeru. When she found out he was sent on a mission five days before Christmas, she was fed up. She just couldn't handle it. _I'm going..._

>
 "Miss me?"

>
 Startled, Hikari whipped around. There stood a tall man with blond hair. He wore a black tuxedo, and in his hand he carried a rose. He extended his arm. "For you," Takeru said.

>
 "For me? Thanks Takeru," she said.

>
 He leaned next to her and whispered into her ear, "Listen, I have something I want to ask you. Could you meet me outside...now?"

>
 Hikari dumbly nodded. As he walked off, he looked behind himself and winked. _I
> wonder what...oh no. He's...he's...I've got to tell him. And with that thought, she took off, to break him the news.
>
 Takeru waited outside the hotel. _This is...is going to be perfect. She'll say yes...I... I can't believe it._ Hikari walked out. Takeru walked up to her.
>
 "Listen, Takeru..." she started to say.
>
 "No," he interrupted, "Let me go first." He knelt down. "Hikari Kamiya. When we were the DigiDestined, you had the Crest of Light and you've lived up to that. You have been my light for a long time...a long time. I would like that time to last forever." He pulled out a small black box and opened it. Inside, "Will you give me the greatest honor in the world and become my wife? I've..."
>
 "Takeru," she said, "I...I have to...my answer has to be no. I...I can't handle the fact that one day I might wake up knowing that you might be dead, or that you not be there because of your line of work. Takeru...I...I'm sorry." With that, she ran off, weeping.
>
 Takeru got up, feeling like an idiot. "...gotten approval to quit MI6," he finished. He turned to see Daisuke.
>
 "All right man! Did ya pop the question? I think you must have because Hikari ran in with tears of joy so that..."
>
 "She said no," Takeru replied. It started to rain. _Stupid weather disrupter thingy._
>
 Daisuke was taken aback, "Did...didn't you tell her that...that you quit MI6?"
>
 Takeru shook his head, "I didn't get the chance. She...she said she couldn't handle...DAMN!" He pulled back his arm and flung the box as far as it could go. He watched it fly in the wind and hit the freezing lake below.
>
 Daisuke put his arm on Takeru's shoulder, "I'm...I'm really sorry man."
>
 "Yah," he walked off, "Well, so am I."
>

>
 a/n Well, there you have it. The first part to my lovely spy fic. Ahem. ~pulls out a note card~ Any similarities to people and/or situations and/or other fics in real life and/or virtual life is purely coincidental and unintentional...and God of Death? This is going to be a TICH more serious (I think, no offense...I mean one million dollars in porn? get real...) and more based on James Bond. Thank you.
>
 ~DCI

2. Default Chapter Title

a/n Not much action in this one...not much. Oh, thanks to Kenji for telling me about a really cool name from Suikoden.

>

> Takeru walked into the MI-6 base. He straightened his collar. He walked into Moneypenny's office. He flashed a grin, "Morning Moneypenny. I heard that at the ball you and Koushiro decided to become VERY special friends."

> Moneypenny glared at him, "And I heard that you quit MI-6, but not everything you hear is the truth."

> He turned around, walking backwards into M's office. "You're right. The truth, Mimi, is that you're obviously madly in love with me, and you're using Koushiro to cover it up," he said, grinning. Mimi shot him a dirty look. Takeru was still walking backwards, when he tripped and fell down to land at the feet of M.

> "Good morning, 007. I see that your Moon Walk practice has..." Jyou looked down, "...paid off. Significantly."

> Takeru got up, "Um...yah, right."

> Koushiro shook his head in disgust, "007..."

> "Let's get down to business," Jyou said. Takeru got up, smirking. When they were out of high school, Jyou Kido went into the navy and became a captain of a small destroyer. He was rigid and always "got down to business." Becoming a two-star admiral was perhaps one of Jyou's highest achievements. He was asked to take over the position of M soon after. And now Takeru found himself and his friend, Daisuke, under his command.

> Takeru looked to his left. There stood Koushiro. He became a billionaire after designing "perfect" algorithms, the GENE disk, and the IV chip. His technologies were used by several companies. Five years into his business, he was approached by Jyou. Koushiro was asked to become the new Q of MI-6. To design machinery, weaponry, and many other things. Takeru accepted the fact that Koushiro was Q. But he would never believe that poor, nervous Jyou could become M, the head of MI-6, even though he was one of the best the royal navy had to offer.

> "Kamiya Industries has secretly begun construction on a bomb known as the Yamachi 13," Jyou started to say, "MI-6 is concerned, because Kamiya Industries has never constructed bombs. And that was all we knew. All we knew about the Yamachi 13 was that it was a bomb. We didn't know what kind, how it worked, nothing." Jyou took a remote out of his desk. "From the information that 007 has stolen from a storage facility and the analysis that Q has given to us, we now know a good deal more."

> Jyou took the remote and continued to talk, "For one, it's a viral bomb. A virus, basically. The virus and a presumed antidote is being..." Jyou sighed, "is being developed by Dr. Yamato Ishida." Takeru looked up sharply. "We don't know why or where he's developing it...but we believe it probably is for a great deal of money. Q?"

> Koushiro sighed and began to speak, "A syringe injects the virus into a selected female host victim. Then, it spreads over the host victim in a period of thirteen. After the virus has spread completely over the host, the victim dies...well, she rather bursts, explodes, that sort of thing. And in the blast radius which ironically is 13 miles the virus reinfects any animal inside the perimeter. Then, the whole damned..."

> "Q," Jyou interrupted, annoyed.

> "THEN...the cycle then repeats itself twelve more times." Koushiro finished.

> "Thank you, Q," Jyou said. He aimed the remote at the screen and clicked it. A stilled video transmission came up. "We received this from a man we know only as Schtoltelheim Reinbach IV. It's either a really bad joke...or something that we haven't guessed out yet." Jyou clicked the remote again.

> Reinbach appeared. Blood came out of his lips and it seemed to be a miracle when he started talking, "My...My name... is Schtoltelheim Reinbach IV. MI-6...need...need the crest... the crest... of Twine... T Twine...send help... crest... crest of T Twine..." Then the message went blank.

> Takeru turned. "'T Twine'?" he asked, "What is 'T Twine'?"

> Jyou shook his head, "We honestly don't know. We've had Q take a crack at it, but still we can't figure it out."

> Takeru thought about it. "Well, it's a joke then. I mean, "Crest of T Twine." I mean, I could maybe handle the "Crest of Insanity". Or the "Crest of Sarcasm." But T TWINE...that just doesn't make sense,"

he concluded.

> Koushiro nodded his head, "Very true, 007... but it could also be an acronym."

> "An acronym?" Takeru snorted, "What kind of acronym is T Twine? Maybe it stands for Together: Teresa with Insane Nick Elliot. Maybe it stands for Today: The Wondrous Intelligent Narcotic, Eleanor!"

> "Ahem," Jyou interrupted, "We shall figure this out later. Your mission, 007 is to find the virus and its presumed antidote and bring it back to MI-6."

> "How?" Takeru asked, impatiently, "My brother's working on this project, we don't know how to beat Taichi's security, I..."

> "Don't worry Takeru," Jyou interrupted, "You'll find a way. I'm sure of it." And with that, he dismissed Takeru.

>
 The Kamiya Building

>
 Taichi sighed. This conference was going to take a long time. To Taichi, it seemed to drone on forever. He looked up to see an obese man sit down. _Wonderful, fatso sat down finally,_ he thought. "What's next?" Taichi asked exasperatedly.

>
 A thin man in his thirties stood up. He had a thin beard and brownish-red hair which pulled down on either side of his head. He wore a Hawaiian shirt, khaki shorts, sandals, and a pair of raybans. Taichi had known Scott for a long time. Some of his executives snorted in disgust at the man, but Taichi knew better. Scott could get just about anything done, and right now he was heading the Yamachi project. It held EXTREME importance to Taichi.

>
 Scott gathered his papers together. He glanced around the room, "Recently, Building X10-UAZ was destroyed. I have reason to believe that this was caused so some unknown party could gain a backup copy of the Yamachi Project."

>
 Fatso snorted, "Then why would they destroy it? I mean they've got..."

>
 "SHUT UP Heidegger," Taichi interrupted, "Let Reinbach finish, you dolt." Heidegger snorted, but he quieted down.

>
 "They would destroy it if they have no other options," Scott finished. "Whoever snuck in there was good...very good. I have decided that it's a government agency that has done this...perhaps, the CIA, MI-6, possibly even Mossad, but I don't know what THEY would be doing there. An investigation is under way. All other information classified. Any questions?"

>
 "You've got a lot of bloody nerve!" a man shouted, angry.

>
 Scott merely raised an eyebrow, "I said QUESTIONS, Rufus, but please, by all means continue."

>
 Rufus snorted, but Scarlet stood up before he could continue. "I'm sure Rufus would like to know," she said, "what kind of information can be classified, by us the board of directors."

>
 Reeve laughed, "Ya know Scarlet, with you and Rufus always doin' "research" together, it's no surprise that you would know what he thinks." Scarlet glared at Reeve. Most of the directors from Shinra knew Scarlet and Rufus were involved in a romantic relationship, but it wasn't discussed about because they all believed that Taichi knew nothing about it. Many of the ex-Shinra directors hated Taichi.

>
 There was a company once that had been called Shinra, the top in the industry. But Kamiya Industries soon rose in the genetic fields, buying several companies for there own. Taichi had bought InGen. He bought Biosyn. He had even bought Genetech, at one time Shinra's greatest competitor. All the while, Shinra tried to compete with Kamiya's growing empire, but eventually they too succumbed.

>
 Reeve didn't hate Taichi. Taichi was a good business man. But

the rest of them did. He was smart. He was cunning. And he could run a genetic empire that spanned the globe without losing his cool. Taichi had gotten Reeve's respect.

>
 "All right people," Taichi stood up, "Meetings over. Scott? I need to talk to you. Reeve?" The directors started walking out. He tossed Reeve a GENE disk, "That's the info you need."

>
 Reeve nodded and walked out the room. Scott walked over to Taichi. Taichi patted Scott on the shoulder. "A good act, my friend. A good act," he said, "Do we have Stage IV ready?"

>
 Scott nodded, "Yep. And when MI-6 comes for the bomb...well..." A sly grin came onto his face.

>
 Taichi nodded. "You do good work, Scott." He picks up a small black case and hands it to him. "I believe your payment is due. Dismissed."

3. Default Chapter Title

Takeru loved Koushiro's office. It was full of gadgets and trinkets that spewed smoke, exploded, contact a computer on the other side of the face of the earth. They could shoot darts or inferred laser beams. He remembered only too well when one of his helpers foolishly took a CD and turned it in his hand. It started to levitate and flew around the room, spinning around with a razor sharp edge. It took three months of surgery to reattach a new leg to replace his severed one.

>
 Takeru looked to his side. He saw a wallet laying on the ground. Takeru frowned. He checked his back pocket. _No wallet,_ he thought, _But how would it fall out? I've had enough experience with Q not to pick it up, but..._ Going against every shred of logic in his mind, he reached down and picked it up. He turned it in his hand. Carefully, he started to open it up.

>
 "DON'T TOUCH THAT!" a frantic Koushiro shouted. He rushed over to Takeru and snatched the wallet out of his hand.

>
 "What is it going to do? Blow my hand off?" asked Takeru.

>
 Koushiro snorted and opened the wallet, "You're closer to the truth than you think, 007." Then he faced the back pocket away from himself. Carefully, Koushiro pulled it open. Suddenly, without warning, a large spew of fire came out of it. Koushiro grinned, "Try BURN your hand off." He set it down.

>
 Koushiro walked over to his desk and sat down. He reached below it and pulled out a brief case. Koushiro looked up to Takeru and snapped it open. Takeru reached down at the empty case. "This is your equipment case, 007," Koushiro explained.

>
 Takeru frowned. He pointed at the open case. "Q...it's empty," he said.

>
 A thin smile played onto Koushiro's lips. "So, we're picky today, aren't we?" Koushiro closed the brief case and flipped it over. He pushed the bottom right corner. He flipped it back and opened it again. Now there were several small items in the case.

>
 "Cute," Takeru remarked. He reached down and pulled out his gun, examined it, and set it back in. "Very cute."

>
 "You'll be able to take this anywhere and people won't be able to find any of your stuff. It's protected from any and all types of scanning," Koushiro said.

>
 Koushiro pulled out a small black case. He opened it to reveal what is inside. There were two small tubes and a strange looking device inside. The tubes were each about four inches long. One had a short green stripe, the other had a red one. He pulled out the tubes. "These are your items which will transport the Yamachi virus. The two

tubes will be your holding devices. The one with the red will transport the virus, the green will transport the antidote." Koushiro glared at Takeru. "Get it right, 007. We can't tell the difference."

>
 Koushiro put the containers back. He pulled out the device, "This will allow you to destroy any excess Yamachi bombs." Then, he showed Takeru how to work it. Then he put it back in the case and set it back down.

>
 Koushiro took out what looked like a wrist watch with a small tube connected to the bottom. Koushiro helped put it on to Takeru's wrist. "This is a small dart gun filled with poison-tipped darts." Koushiro showed Takeru a case with twelve darts in it. It is activated by sending nerve impulses to your wrist."

>
 Takeru aimed his arm at the wall. "Like this?" Takeru asked as he jerked his hand upwards. Suddenly, a small dart flew out of the tube and hit the wall with deadly accuracy.

>
 Koushiro looked at Takeru, disgusted. Still, he continued, "I've also included your other standard equipment: a set of lock picks, your gun, extra clips, two GENE disks, and a mini-cam."

>
 Koushiro closed the brief case and then reached down back into his desk and pulled out a piece of paper and handed it to Takeru. "M says that it's time to take a little trip. New York sound good to you?"

>

> Nom Sitoym: Center of gossip, king of excitement, and realm of the nightlife. A casino and nightclub, it was an incredibly exclusive club in New York, New York. It was also the place where Takeru, 007, was supposed to meet SchtolteReinbach IV.
 He received another message from Reinbach after he had landed in New York. In the message, Reinbach told Takeru that he had valuable information on the Yamachi 13 and was going to explain what "T Twine" is. He then told Takeru to meet him at Nom Sitoym. He would be the man in black standing at Roulette Five. Takeru was skeptical. Based on all the information he had, he rational part of his mind smelled trap all over Reinbach's plan. But with no leads to work with, Takeru decided to give it a shot.

>
 The supposed entrance to Nom Sitoym was unglamorous. A small, dusty back alley was the lobby. A rusty door marked the entrance. Scratched into the door were the words "Nom Sitoym, Realm of the Night." Takeru frowned. _This isn't the type of entrance I would have thought that a club this famous should and would have,_ he thought.

>
 Slowly, Takeru knocked on the door. A man came out of the door in a large black suit. He completely dwarfed Takeru. He was big and fat, yet he looked incredibly strong. "Who're you?" he asked in a gruff voice.

>
 Unfazed, Takeru responded, "Takashi. Takeru Takashi. I'm here to meet Reinbach."

>
 The man raised an eyebrow, "You mean MR. Reinbach? I don't believe he wanted to meet someone tonight."

>
 "How about you just let me in, alright?" Takeru asked.

>
 Chubby glared at Takeru, "No. If you really want to get in, you'll have to come..."

>
 "John, my good man!"

>
 All the color suddenly drained out of Chubby's face. Slowly he turned around and stepped back. Standing there was SchtolteReinbach IV. He was wearing a black suit with his hair slicked back. He had a trimmed beard and a wide smile was plastered on his face. Something told Takeru that it was fake. "Why haven't you let my friend in, Mr. Tavon?" he asked in a pleasant voice.

>
 John started to stutter incoherently, "Mmmrrr.
Reiinnbbaaaaaachhhh, ssiir, IIII ddddiidnnn'tt knnnnowww, siiir,
IIII..."

>
 Reinbach's pleasant look swiftly left his face and was replaced by a cold exterior. "Let in Mr. Takashi, you dumb bloke," he snapped, "I have important business to discuss and you have only delayed it. Now let him in and get back to your work, you daft prick."

>
 John nodded his head vigorously and got out of the way. He motioned Takeru in with a look of pure terror on his face. Takeru walked past him and into the door. Suddenly, Takeru was thrust into a large area filled with neon lights, exotic dancers, and bars. Reinbach motioned to Takeru to follow him. They passed one table, and Takeru couldn't help but look at the "show." Reinbach grinned. They came to a lift and entered it. Inside was another man in black.

>
 "Top floor, Mr. Reinbach?" he asked. Reinbach nodded. When they got to the top floor, Takeru and Reinbach walked out and to Reinbach's office. Reinbach walked up to a device and placed his hand onto it. It started to glow, then a door (which Takeru thought was a wall mirror) opened. They walked inside.

>
 Around Reinbach's office were several slot machines. There was a roulette and at one end was a card table. Off to the left was a small bar. Reinbach walked over to it. "Let me guess, Mr. Takashi," he said. He pulled out a bottle and a glass. He started to pour into it. After he was done he got out a rose-colored bottle and started pouring another glass. He picked up both glasses and walked over to the card table. He sat down and handed one of the glasses to Takeru. "Vodka martini, shaken, not stirred. Correct?" he asked.

>
 Takeru took the glass carefully, eying Reinbach. He took a sip, then set the glass down. "Enough pleasantries, Reinbach. Give me what I came here for," Takeru demanded.

>
 Reinbach waved his hand absently, "Fine, fine, fine." He pulled out a disk and handed it to Takeru. "The information on that disk is the latest about the Yamachi 13 virus. You should find it useful," he said.

>
 Takeru took the disk and placed it in his pocket. "And T Twine?" he asked.

>
 Reinbach grinned, "Mr. Takashi, I would think you would know your own crest well enough to know what I meant by T Twine."

>
 Takeru was shocked. _Crests? But, but how...how could he know? I mean..._

>
 "Your family crest is very...shall we say, infamous?" Reinbach said as he interrupted his thoughts.

>
 Takeru furrowed his brow. "'Family crest?'" he asked.

>
 Reinbach nodded his head, "Yes, Takashi: The W..." But Reinbach was interrupted by several shots of gunfire and the shattering of glass as one of his bodyguards came flying through the door.

>
 a/n Oooh, suspense. Gotta love it. Oh and thanks to 7 for getting me off my butt and finishing this part.

End
file.